

Stills, The "Being Here"

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We ride through
These plains of hurt
Through the Southern breathing rock
On a rail road of knots
And theres blood on the lines
Of every page I turn
When the ones you love
Are the ones you burn

Being here
Being here
Oh oh
Being here

Some one singing songs
About a girl I hurt
I've been everywhere enough
I've been torn apart by the world
But theres apples in the trees
And diamonds in the earth
I've been losing my mind
Somehow it can't get worse

Being here
Being here
Oh oh
Being here

And the wind is blown and cold
And I can't escape the tears
One for every broken bone
And a hundred for all the years

Being here
Being here
Oh oh
Being here

Being here
Being here
Oh oh

Being here

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